

**..Our Boys and Girls..**

Edited by Aunt Busy.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

**STORY OF A KATY DID.**

"Who stole my hat?" the tree toad cried.  
"Why Katy did?" a voice replied.  
"She did." "She didn't," one contradicted.  
"Well, anyhow, she's in a fix!"  
The insects gathered great and small,  
The cricket chirped against the wall,  
To sift the matter, how or why.  
"Get the police," buzzed the fly.  
"What's wanted? I'm already here,"  
Bluebottle's voice buzzed very near.  
"To catch a thief," spoke up a grasshopper.  
"She's gone and hooked tree toad's hat,"  
"She did! She didn't!" a chorus sounds,  
And great excitement now abounds.  
The bumblebee buzzed loud and louder;  
Grasshoppers staked like burning powder;  
The timid roaches hurried by.  
Quite frightened at the hue and cry.  
The honeybees came flying in.  
Adding their hum unto the din.  
Mosquitoes flew now here, now there,  
Trying to find the culprit's lair.  
"She's only gone," exclaimed the spider,  
"To get some of her friends to hide her!"  
The wasp was waiting on the wing,  
Ready to use his sharpest sting.  
"I always thought her rather queer,"  
Whispered the moth in beetle's ear.  
"Oh, yes, no doubt she's behaved before!"  
Now so increased the great uproar.  
That Granddad Toad at last awoke.  
He gave a wise, judicial croak.  
Then hopped upon a stone and said,  
"Why tree toad's got it on his head!"  
Judge Toad was counted very wise  
Because he learned to see his eyes.  
So came this maxim in a nutshell.  
"Look where you leap," I understand.  
—Helen Raymond Wells.

**AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.**

How are Aunt Busy's nieces and her dear nephews doing these bright, beautiful autumn days?

Of course, the vacation memories are all spoken and written about in the past tense, but remember they can also be "parsed" in the future tense, too, dears. Study hard now, improve each moment of the day and the school time will pass swiftly, and what is more, profitably.

Aunt Busy is not preaching, dears, but she does take a warm personal interest in every girl and boy who writes to her.

How well she remembers her own school days! Dear, dear, the troubles she used to have! She just feels thin every time she recalls them; but school troubles and school days are long since gone, and only the brightest, fairest memories of those old days remain in the mind and heart of your devoted, loving old friends. She hopes that all of her dear children will in the dim, distant future have the same sweet memories of their school days. Lovingly always, your affectionate,

AUNT BUSY.

**JUST A BOY'S DOG.**

No siree, that dog won't bite.  
Not a bit o' danger.  
What's his breed? Shore I don't know;  
Just a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,  
Time the snow was deepest,  
Dragged a little shaver home  
Where the hill was steepest.

Aln't a bulldog, but you bet  
Wouldn't do to scoff him.  
Fastened on a tramp one time—  
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,  
When it all is over,  
Aln't a better critter round  
Starchin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,  
Not in all the nation!  
Jest a "boy's dog"; that's his breed—  
Finest I've ever seen.

McLamburgh Wilson.

**LETTERS AND ANSWERS.**

Salt Lake City, Sept. 18, 1904.

Dear Aunt Busy—I am in the sixth grade this year, and I promised to let you know if I got promoted. Have you ever wished and hoped to be promoted and then been disappointed? I was very ill last year and did not pass my examination, and I tell you I felt badly. Your loving niece,

ALICE STEVENSON.

Aunt Busy is glad, indeed, to hear of your promotion, Alice. Yes, Aunt Busy has been often disappointed, but time and experience have taught her that life is filled with troubles, worries and disappointments. But trials only bring out the best part of our natures, little girl, so be brave and fight your troubles. Remember what one of America's favorite poets wrote: "Our richest treasures grow around the cross, and in the night time angels sing to men."

Butte, Mont., Sept. 17.

Dear Aunt Busy—I have not written to you for a very long time. Have you quite forgotten me? My brother says he will not write to you because he just hates old ladies. I hope you will not feel offended, Auntie Busy, because I tell you what he says. I will write to you, anyhow. Your loving niece,

NELLIE MAHAN.

Aunt Busy never forgets her dear children; never. She feels very hurt and sorry when they neglect her. Aunt Busy would like to hear from the dear brother who dislikes old ladies. Aunt Busy is so sorry to hear that he "just hates them." Dear, dear! But really, Nellie, Aunt Busy must confess that when she was a young girl she knew a few detestable old ladies, too, so she hardly blames your brother. Please tell that poor old Aunt Busy has always been ambitious to be a nice, agreeable old lady.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 15.

Dear Auntie—I am only writing a line to send you my dear love and a great, big kiss. Your loving niece,

CORA AGNES KNIGHT.

Aunt Busy deeply appreciates the "dear love" and the "great, big kiss" from the dear, thoughtful girl. She sends her dear love back, and hopes the wee girl's mother will long enjoy the love and kisses of the sweet, little daughter, who remembers funny, fat, old Auntie Busy.

**THE BOY WHO STUCK TO HIS DOG**

With \$120 in his pocket and a black dog as his companion, a 14-year-old boy was found wandering about the streets of Williamstown, Conn., a few days ago, seeking a home and a living. Though his supply of earthly goods was limited, the lad had grit, and he has found the home. His name is Frank Dillman, and this was the story he told:

He was born in New York City, and when 3 years old his father died. His mother moved to

Moodus, Conn., where she hired a small farm and mortgaged her stock, tools and furniture to start with. The boy helped on the farm. As a result of hard work and some privation, they accumulated enough money to pay the mortgage on her six cows and farming tools, leaving another on the horses and the furniture.

Three weeks ago the woman died. After the funeral Frank was told that a man had been appointed to settle his mother's affairs. A few days ago he received \$250 and was told to take his dog and make his own way in the world.

A town official of East Haddam offered him the choice of going to the county home or being bound apprentice to a man who, although called "doctor," did no doctoring. The boy declined both offers, for good reasons, he says, and started from one farm to another looking for work. The only condition he set on being taken to work was that his dog must be allowed to live with him. The dog was old, and a mongrel at that, but the lad said that the animal was all he had in the world to love, and he was going to stand by the dog that had been his playmate for years.

He drifted to Williamstown, and here the police gathered him in. When they fed the boy and dog the boy did not begin to eat until he had selected the best piece of meat on the plate and given it to the dog. He slept with his dog beside him in the hospital room of the police station.

Dog and boy were up early the next morning and went to the railroad station, where the farmers congregated to ship their milk to Boston. He asked for a chance to work, but none of them needed a boy. He was sent to a farmer on the outskirts of the city, but this man also didn't need him. The lad and dog returned to the police station and spent another night there.

But the story of his search for work had spread about the city, and had got to Jared H. Stearns, a well-to-do farmer of Mansfield. Stearns came to Williamstown the next morning and had a talk with the boy. He was attracted by the lad's intelligence and grit, and engaged him, beginning by fitting him out with new clothes. The lad objected to taking the clothes till he was told that he would have an opportunity to earn them.

The farmer has reported since that the lad is a hustler and is always at work. He is happy, his employer is satisfied, and the black dog is the happiest of all.

**LINCOLN'S WORDS.**

It is not very well known that in the hall of one of the great colleges of England there hangs a frame enclosing a few sentences of which Abraham Lincoln is the author. They are considered the best English that was ever written. You or I might read them over and call them very simple indeed. And they are so simple that any child who reads at all can read and understand them. That is one thing that makes them great. It was his being simple and plain that made Abraham Lincoln himself great.

Now here is a little paragraph by Lincoln, which he made a rule of his conduct. Suppose you try to write it over and see how much you can improve it. See if each word is the right one, and try to find a better word for the place. Notice how simple this is, all but two are words of a single syllable: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

**YOUNG MEN SHOULD REMEMBER**

That it takes more than muscle to make a man.  
That bigness is not greatness.  
That it requires pluck to be patient.  
That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world.

That consideration for mother and sister does more to mark the gentleman than the kind of necktie he wears.

That piety is not priggishness.  
That the only whole man is the holy man.  
That to follow the crowd is a confession of weakness.

That street corners are a poor college.  
That one real friend is worth a score of mere acquaintances.

That to be afraid to be one's noblest self is greatest cowardice.  
That it is never too soon to begin the business of making a man of one's self.

That what is put into the brain today will be taken out ten years hence.  
That the only manliness worth possessing is shown in the life of the Son of Man.

**HOW OLD PINK WAS SAVED.**

The La Harpe (Kan.) Review tells a pleasant story of a little boy and a little girl who thought that the president of the United States could do just anything. It was shortly after Chester A. Arthur had come to the presidency. The parents of the little children were very poor. They had been compelled to sell their stock from the "claim" until only one cow, "Old Pink," remained to them. But there was a mortgage on "Old Pink" and in course of time the mortgagee took her, and the family had nothing with which to keep starvation at bay. The father went away from home seeking work, and the mother and two children barely kept the wolf from the door. Then it was that a happy thought came to Jimmy and Jess, the boy and girl. Procuring a scrap of paper and a pencil they laboriously indicated the following letter to President Arthur:

"Mr. president we want you to have our cow old pink sent back home, Jimmy and Jess."

They were not quite clear as to their rights in the premises, or in the manner in which their epistle would be received at the postoffice department. So they slipped into the little postoffice and dropped their letter without envelope or address into the mail box and then ran for home as fast as they could go. Of course, the letter did not travel the long road to Washington and President Arthur never knew of the confidence reposed in his power by two children on the plains of Kansas. But the postmaster brought results quite as effectually as the president. He showed the letter to people as they came to the postoffice, and presently the few men of the town got together and went down to see the man who had taken Old Pink on the mortgage. The Kansas Review says that a shotgun is alleged to have taken quite a prominent part in the negotiations which followed. Be that as it may, Old Pink was returned without money and without price, and two little lads went to sleep that night rejoicing at the far reach of the mighty man at Washington.

A young Philadelphia Catholic artist, John J. Boyle, only 18 years old, has been elected a member of the National Society of Fine Arts of Paris through his painting, "The Return of the Fisher Folk," exhibited in the Paris salon. Until he was 12 years old, Boyle worked as a breaker boy in the anthracite regions. He contracted spinal trouble, and, having a talent for drawing, was assisted by citizens of Scranton to attend the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where he graduated. Several of his pictures were awarded prizes, thus enabling him to go to Paris to study.

Faith precedes repentance. Hope, not despair, is the mother of godly sorrow. The goodness of God is before the badness of man. The Divine forgiveness antedates the human sin. It is not until we see the light shining above us that we begin to loathe our dark estate and receive strength to rise out of the gloom and climb upwards.

**Question Box Answers**

By Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, Paulist.

Must Catholics believe that the world was created in six days?

Not at all. The Catholic church has decided nothing dogmatically about the Mosiac cosmogony, so that Catholics are allowed the greatest liberty in interpreting the meaning of the six days.

The purpose of the writer of Genesis is to declare the great fact of the creation of the world, and to lead the Jews to honor the Sabbath day (Exod. xxxi, 16). The chief theories regarding the six days are:

1st. The allegorical theory of St. Augustine ("De Gen. ad Lit." iv, c. 26) and St. Thomas ("De Pot." q. 2, a. 4), that the whole act of creation occupied but an instant of time.

2d. The literal theory of days of twenty-four hours each, which is now generally rejected (Veith, Besizio).

3d. The periodic theory that the "days" are infinitely long epochs, which allow for all the data required by geology and paleontology (Hettinger, Holzhammer, Planchant).

4th. The revelation theory that the days are so many visions vouchsafed Moses by God, with no reference to time whatsoever (Von Hummelauer).

5th. The idealistic theory, which regards the whole account of the creation of the world as a hymn in which various portions of creation are commemorated on the days of the week. (Bishop Clifford, pp. 280-343. G. P. Putnam & Sons, 1870; G. Molloy, "Geology and Revelation," Bishop Clifford, Dublin Review, April, 1883; Mgr. Meignan, "Le Monde et l'Homme primitif," Arduin, "Le Religion en face de la Science," Vigoufrou, "Manuel Biblique," vol. i.)

Who was Cain's wife? (Gen. iv, 17). If Adam, Eve, Cain and Abel were the only people in the world, where did Cain get his wife?

Cain most probably married his own sister, or his niece. Cain and Abel had many brothers and sisters, as we learn from Gen. v, 4: "And the days of Adam after he begot Seth were eight hundred years. And he begot sons and daughters." This query, which is met with universally on the non-Catholic missions, arises from one of two difficulties: first, the morality of an apparently incestuous marriage; or, second, the denial of the unity of the race.

With regard to the first, St. Augustine answers this very question nearly fifteen centuries ago: "As, therefore, the human race, subsequently to the first marriage of the man who was made of dust, and his wife who was made out of his side, required the union of male and female, in order that it might multiply; and as there were no human beings except those who had been born of these two, men took their sisters for wives; an act which was as certainly dictated by necessity in these ancient days as afterward it was condemned by the prohibitions of religion" ("The City of God," book xv, ch. xvi.)

The moral principles involved are plain to any student of Catholic ethics. Some actions are so intrinsically evil and opposed to the natural law that no power, not even God, can permit them for any reason whatsoever—v. g., blasphemy, lying, etc. Other actions against nature are evil because of the evil consequences that result, unless God by special providence intervene to prevent. In this class must be put the marriage of brother and sister. Nature itself vetoes such marriages as utterly subversive of all domestic and social morality. This was felt even by the pagan Romans, although the Egyptians and the Athenians permitted such marriages. No human power—no church—could grant dispensation in such a case, but God the Lord and Creator of all things, could permit such marriages in the beginning to propagate the human race, there being no other way to do so save by miraculous intervention.

The second difficulty likewise dates from the pre-Adamic of the seventeenth century, who held that Adam was the father of the Jewish people, but not of the pagans. This theory is in direct contradiction to the Scriptures (Gen. ii, 5, 20; iii, 20; Wis. x, 1; Acts xvii, 26; Rom. v, 12), which expressly declares the race descended from Adam and Eve, especially as set forth in the dogmas of original sin. For a complete discussion of the subject, an answer to the objections brought forward by unbelievers, read Vigoufrou, "Manuel Biblique," n. 301; "Les Livres Saints," vol. ii, ch. 3; Guibert, "Origin of Species," ch. v.

In the King James version it is said that Cain went into the land of Nod and there knew his wife; but this is spurious Scripture.

Must Catholics believe that the human race dates from the year 4004 B. C.? Does not modern science give the lie direct to the Biblical chronology with regard to the antiquity of man?

By no means. Catholics are perfectly free to form their own opinion upon this question, which has never been defined by the church.

The Abbe Moigno writes ("Splendeurs de la Foi," ii, p. 612): "The exact date of the creation of man, of his first appearance upon the earth, remains entirely uncertain or unknown; but there would be some rashness in carrying it back beyond 8,000 years."

Another distinguished scholar, Abbe Hamard ("Le Science et l'Apologie Chretienne," p. 31), says: "That it is necessary to adopt the chronology of the Septuagint, as affording us notably more time, we are convinced; but we fail to see any reason for carrying this chronology beyond the 8,000 or 10,000 years which it affords us as a maximum."

Father Zahm, after a careful discussion of the question in four articles of the American Catholic Quarterly (1893, pp. 225-248, 502-588, 719-734; 1894, pp. 290-272) thus sums up: "The evidence we have examined regarding the age of our race proves one thing, and proves it most conclusively; and that is that the question we have been discussing is far from being definitely answered by Scripture or science, and according to present indications it seems improbable that we shall ever have a certain answer regarding this much controverted topic. The testimony of astronomy does not, as such, make either for or against the Biblical chronology, because astronomy as a science was not cultivated until some thousands of years after the advent of man on the earth. The testimony of history, and especially the history which takes us back farthest—the history of Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea and Babylonia—admirably corroborates the testimony of the Bible concerning the antiquity of man. The sciences of linguistics, ethnology and physiology have discovered nothing that is incompatible with the acceptance of the chronology of Scripture as understood by our most competent apologists. The statements of geology and prehistoric archaeology are so vague and conflicting and extravagant that nothing definite can be gathered from them beyond the apparently indisputable fact that the age of our species is greater than the advocates of the Hebrew and Samaritan texts of the Bible have been wont to admit. It may, however, be asserted positively that no certain geologic or archaeological evidence so far adduced is irreconcilable with archaeology as that we are warranted in deducing from the known facts and geological records of the Book of Books" (American Catholic Quarterly, vol. xix, pp. 269, 270; Sir J. W. Dawson, "Modern Science in Bible Lands," Vigoufrou, "Manuel Biblique," vol. i; "Les Livres Saints," vol. 111.)

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